

ARE YOU PREPARED TO EXPERIENCE



No. 1



\$1.25

# ALIEN ENCOUNTERS



**SPECIAL  
FLYING SAUCER  
ISSUE**

GEORGE CHASTON











**EARTH  
GAME  
OVER  
INVASION  
GAME  
OVER  
GAME  
OVER**

AW, DAD!  
JUST ONCE  
THAT'S OKAY!

GAME  
OVER  
GAME  
OVER  
GAME  
OVER  
GAME  
OVER  
GAME  
OVER



NOW  
DAD,  
I'M  
FROM  
THE  
FUTURE  
AND  
I'M  
MAKING  
YOU  
HAPPY  
FOR  
EVER!

LET'S  
GO!!

# CHAIRMAN MAO AND THE MEN FROM MARS

STEVE STILES - DRAWN ENTIRELY BY HAND

SO SUPPOSE YOU'VE ALL  
HEARD THE "BIG LIE"  
FABRICATION  
ERECTED AROUND  
MAO ZEDONG'S  
SUPPOSED DEATH BY  
NATURAL CAUSE.

YOU POOR DUPED  
VICTIMS OF FRAUD!  
MAO ACTUALLY MET  
HIS UNIMAGINABLE  
END AT THE ALIEN  
HANDS OF UGLY  
ROBOT MARTIANS  
WRITEN BY YOUR PENTEST!



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AT THE DETERMINING MOMENT, IN THE  
TINY GERMAN VILLAGE OF GROTZ.













\* TRANSLATED FOR YOUR  
READING CONVENIENCE \*







...HIT!



ARE YOU WELL,  
KLYT-SOR?

KYST AND I ARE  
FINE, DEAR!

BUT... THE  
SHIP //



BEYOND REPAIR  
I'M AFRAID...

...POWER CELLS ARE  
DESTROYED AND ONLY  
ABOUT A DAYS WORTH  
OF AIR SUPPORT SYSTEMS  
LEFT UNDAAGED.



LYK-TER!  
A ROCKET?

PERHAPS  
HELP!

NO...  
..TOO SMALL..  
BUT WHAT CAN  
ITS PURPOSE BE?



ITS CLOSE ENOUGH  
TO REACH WITH THE  
DOCKING CORD.

I'M BRINGING  
IT IN...





THE CONTROLS  
HAVE BEEN  
PRE-SET...

... KYST WILL FLY TO THE  
PRIMITIVE PLANET EARTH.  
THE KRYPTONIAN MUST HAVE  
KNOWN THAT THE EARTH WOULD  
SUPPORT LIFE FROM OUR SYSTEM.

WE CAN ONLY  
HOPE THAT HE'LL  
BE FOUND AND  
CARED FOR AS  
WE MIGHT HAVE.



GOOD-BYE  
KYST...



... WE'LL MEET DEATH EASIER  
KNOWING YOU'RE SAFE ...



... GOOD-LUCK ...

# PICK OF THE LITTER

SNIK



IT'S A BOY!!



# Watcher from the Skies

LIKE A LOATHESOME  
SCAVENGER, THE  
HALF-MOON SCOURS  
THE SEAS...FROM  
AFRICA TO THE INDIES  
SEEKING PRECIOUS  
HUMAN CARGO.

SHE IS A SLAVE SHIP...  
AND FOR EVERY WRETCHED  
SOUL SHACKLED TO HER  
TIMBERS... CAPTAIN  
BULL HYLER'S KID  
GROWS HEAVIER WITH GOLD.

THEY FILE ABOARD  
NOW...THE SALT FROM  
SWEAT AND BLOOD  
STINGING THEIR EYES...  
MUSKETS AIMED AT  
THEIR EBONY WHIP-  
SLASHED BACKS-AND  
CAPT HYLER SMILES.

MOVE, YE  
BLACK SCUM!

EASY WITH  
THE LASH, I WANT  
'EM ALIVE WHEN WE  
REACH VIRGINIA!

SUDDENLY, A LOW  
CACKLING SOUND  
SEIZES HYLER'S  
ATTENTION...

WHAT IN

THE MALADAMN SEEN  
BABBLIN' LIKE A  
MADMAN ALL MORNING  
SAYS HE SAW SOMETHING  
TWOING WEEH LAST  
NIGHT

(A VISION!)

LONG-TO SEENIT... OOTA  
THE SKY BRIGHT NISHNY.

THEY BE BACK...  
T-TO KILL US ALL!

THIS  
ISLANDS OUR  
LAST STOP... AN'  
WE NEED EVERY MAN  
BUT WHEN YE GET OUT  
T'SEA... IN A DAY OR  
SO... WE'LL TESS THE  
SLANTY-EYED  
DEVIL OVERBOARD!

AYE,  
CAPT.

AN' BRING  
THAT BLACK  
WENCH TO MY  
CABIN TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT, WHILE  
THE CREW SLEEPS,  
LING-TO SCRAMBLES  
ON DECK - AND WAITS.

TH- THEY  
HERE!

SWIFTLY, GENTLY...  
AN UNBEARLY CRAFT  
DESCENDS  
FROM THE SKY -

-WATCHING-

-STUDYING-

- AND HOVERED  
OVER THE  
SLAVE SHIP -

Y-YE BLACK  
ONES LOVE TIGHT  
BUT... AAAAG!

- REMEMBERING...

THEN...  
THE INVADER  
VANISHES  
INTO THE  
HEAVENS!

G-GOT TO  
WARN  
CAPT....

NEXT TIME...  
IT BE - TOO LATE!





—YET, MIRACULOUSLY,  
THE SURVIVES ARE SPARED...



... AND THEY  
REALIZE... THIS  
INVADER IS NOT  
TO BE FEARED —



THE STRANGE CRAFT  
PEPARTS... AND THE  
DECK IS SILENT...  
BUT FOR THE SAVING  
OF ONE SURVIVOR...  
HIS MIND SHATTERED  
BY WHAT HE HAS  
SEEN...



HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND  
WHAT HE HAS SEEN...  
FOR HE HAS NOT BEEN  
INSIDE THE SPACECRAFT.



—WHERE THE PILOT  
NOW LEANS BACK  
AND SMILES...

THE RESCUE MISSION  
IS A SUCCESS.

STORY:  
BILL  
KELLEY  
ART:  
JOHN  
MYERS

THERE'S NO EXCUSE  
FOR TOLERATING A...

# U.F.O. Indoors

MARY,  
LOOK! THERE'S  
ANOTHER ONE!



...a **MARY** Spectacular by Howard Cruse

WE'LL LET'S  
GET IT NOW OR  
WE'LL BE UP ALL  
NIGHT!



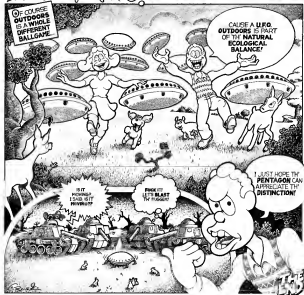
WHAT A  
BOTCH!

THE WINDOWS  
ARE CLOSED! HOW  
DO THEY GET IN?



CHERE,  
YOU!





IT WAS A COOL, CLEAR, NIGHT ON SIRIUS 12. THE KIND YOU USUALLY ONLY GET ON URRANUS IN JULY.

# Outpost

AS USUAL, ALL WAS QUIET SAVE FOR THE SHRILL CHIRPING OF THE FEATHERED VETCH (A BIZARRE TYPE OF CHRYMURK) EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHLY SUPPLY SHIP VISITORS FRIENDLY OR OTHERWISE WERE RARE.



THIS WAS TO BE, HOWEVER, ONE OF THOSE RARE NIGHTS.

THE SHIP'S OCCUPANT IS BROUGHT TO THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE.



ART: T. KATIS

STORY: LARRY SHELL



THE COMMANDER MADE HIS MEN TO LEAVE AND INQUIRED TO THE STRANGER'S BUSINESS WHERE UPON HE DREW SEVERAL PAPERS FROM HIS BRIFCASE.



UPON FINDING OUT THE CONTENT OF THE PAPERS, THE COMMANDER FLEW INTO A RAGE AND ORDERED THE STRANGER EJECTED FROM THE PLANET!



HOWEVER, BEFORE TAKING OFF, HE WARNED THEM HE SHALL RETURN!



THREE DAYS LATER, HE RETURNED, BUT NOT ALONE!

GET THE COMMANDER!



THAT CRY DIED IN HIS THROAT!





THE STATION  
BURSTS INTO  
ACTION...



...BUT TO NO AIL...



UNTIL FINALLY, IT WAS  
OVER... THE POST ALL  
BUT ANNIHILATED!



MOST OF THE SURVIVORS  
WERE WOUNDED, INCLUDING  
THE COMMANDER.



YOU KNOW  
ROBERTS  
THAT WAS  
ONE TOUGH  
INSURANCE  
SALESMAN!





# Another Carbunkle



# Scan